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Chevé's System of Musical Instruction.

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This system is due to the conjoined labors of Galin, Paris, and Chevé of France, who elaborated the crude ideas suggested by Jean Jacques Rousseau upon the subject of musical notation, and have brought the system to its present state of perfection: in the country where it originated it is known as the "GALIN-PARIS-CHEVÉ" system. By its means, music is easily, thoroughly, and rapidly acquired, both theoretically and practically, and the voice and ear developed, even when these organs seem almost entirely wanting; large masses of people are taught in a very brief period of time to sing the most difficult music at sight, to sing well, to write from ear, and to comprehend the science perfectly. It also facilitates instrumentation, as the development of ear and voice, together with a knowledge of the principles of the art and of Thorough Bass, is the only rational preparation to thorough execution on any instrument. A superior execution is speedily attained, because the mind and ear being educated by the vocal and theoretical course, the hand will readily obey them; one who has perfectly mastered every possible effect of intonation and time, as well as the science, will have but little trouble in obtaining almost any desired effect upon the instrument.

There is no other system which can accomplish such results; other prevailing methods can no more compete with this, than can the old-fashioned stage with the railway. On this point, fourteen professors of music in the Government Schools of the city of Paris, in a letter to Monsieur Chevé, said: "We would not venture to bring in competition with your pupils of six months, the best part of those of ours who have had two years of severe schooling in the old system. The means by which pupils can be enabled to attack every difficulty of intonation and time in your method are infinitely superior to anything that has existed to this day."

It is admirably adapted for teaching in classes, giving rapid and positive results; it is also eminently adapted for the training of Choral and other Musical societies. A large society, called the "Galin-Paris-Chevé-Society" has been founded in Paris, which stands in high repute. It was called out on the occasion of the visit of the Queen of England to Napoleon, and is the only Choral Society ever called on by the Emperor on grand occasions. It underwent a severe test, and most thoroughly vindicated the merits of Chevé's system on the occasion of a trial of skill between the new system and any others which might venture to compete with it, proposed by a jury of twenty-four of the most eminent composers and professors resident at Paris, comprising, among others, Meyerbeer, Felicien David, Emile Prudent, Vieuxtemps, Ferdinand Hiller, A. Elwart, Lefebure Wely, and others, with Hector Berlioz as President. The programme, sent to all the societies of France, was

found so difficult that none other dared attempt it, and on the day appointed no other society appeared to undertake the task.

The following account, translated from "Le Souvenir" of June 28, 1858, is worthy an attentive perusal:

"We witnessed, on the 12th inst., a 'trial of skill' which took place at St. Cecilia's Hall under the presidency of Monsieur Henri Réber, assisted by the elite of our artists and composers. A gold medal, tendered by Monsieur Chevé, was the prize to be offered to the Choral Society who might fulfil the conditions imposed by the programme. These conditions, we must confess, were so difficult to fulfil with equal success, that we were not surprised when, at the last meeting of the Jury, of which we had the honor to be a member, the Secretary, Monsieur Tajan Rogé, made known to us that, notwithstanding the programme had been sent to all the singing societies of France, not one had responded to the appeal.

"On the day of the trial, 200 of Monsieur Chevé's pupils, stood alone on the field in the presence of 1500 spectators, comprising the elite of musical amateurs. In this emergency it was unanimously voted by the jury that the Galin-Paris-Chevé Society, there present, should go through the programme proposed by themselves, to which they immediately proceeded.

"First, a Kyrie of Lesueur was admirably sung; after which, a chorus, drawn by lots, by the jury, among twelve, composed expressly for the occasion, and which had been delivered to the Society twenty-four hours only before the time of the performance. This chorus was so beautifully rendered that it was vehemently encored. Then came a fugue in four parts, drawn also by lots among others, composed expressly for the occasion to be read at sight. This was a solemn moment, and the two hundred performers, who read off this piece with an ensemble truly extraordinary, produced such a sensation on the audience that the hall rang again with the applause and the encores, in which the jury joined lustily. Next, the charming chorus and the 'Prayer' in 'Count Ory,' of Rossini, were most brilliantly executed. Then came the musical dictation, one of the most striking features of the system, and one of the greatest benefits it confers on its disciples. How many artists would wish to be enabled to write under their own dictation a melody of such difficulty as this one of Professor Schloësser's, composed by him expressly for the occasion! Professor Schloësser's Solfeggio, dictated by Monsieur Chevé, was written down, then translated into all the different clefs and keys by the performers, and then sung by them. After this truly remarkable feat, the concert terminated with the chorus of 'the Reapers' and 'the Storm,' from Elwart's Symphony of 'Ruth and Boaz.' These two pieces, which contain eight real parts, and offer extraordinary difficulties, were followed by tremendous applause from the whole room and jury together.

"The decision of the jury relative to the prize to be awarded, was unanimous with that of the audience. It was not Monsieur Chevé's fault if no competitors had come to dispute the medal with him. His pupils had fulfilled all the conditions of the programme with honesty, cleverness, and skill. The jury, twenty-four in number, awarded the medal.

"All the pieces were sung without any instrument."

The system has withstood the severest test of criticism and experiment in France and through-

out Europe, for the last fifteen years, and has won there an unbounded popularity, vanquishing both routine and prejudice; it has at last superseded the old system in the Conservatoire of Paris.

An interesting and highly successful experiment was made at Lyons, France in 1842-43, by Mons. Chevé upon some soldiers of the Military Gymnasium of that city, a brief account of which we condense from the official report. "Lieut. General Baron de Lascours commanding the 7th division, confided 150 soldiers to the professor, by whom they were accepted without regard to their respective ages, capacity, or talent for music, and, on the 1st. October, 1842, the first lesson took place. The men, with few exceptions, began the course very reluctantly, and, only to obey orders. At the end of the first month, the Professor, wishing to classify the voices, made each man sing separately. The result would have been discouraging to most teachers. More than three-quarters of the men were not able to sing the scale. Twelve declared most positively that they would not open their mouths. These were immediately dismissed. The rest, that is 138 men, were kept, notwithstanding the complete absence of musical talent of the greater part, many not being able to distinguish one tone from another. Many confessed that they had not sung a note since the course had begun, but promised that in future they would take part in all the exercises.

"The number of lessons were five a week. No practice was required between the lessons. It must be observed that during the months of October, April and May, there were several weeks' interruption on account of service.

"In December, Lieutenant-General de Lascours, accompanied by many of his friends, came to a lesson. The visitors were much struck with the progress made by the pupils. They had acquired wonderful proficiency in intonation and time, read easily all the different clefs and keys, and sang part music at sight, without any instrument to guide them—one of the peculiarities of the system being that no instrument is ever used in teaching.

"On the 25th of April, 1843, seven months after the opening of the course, the General and other officers with Madame Lascours and many ladies, and in fact all the notabilities of the city received an invitation from the class. The programme was as follows: 1. A Quartette by Webbe. 2. A Languedocian air for three voices, by Des Rues. 3. A trio from the opera of 'Œdipe à Colonne,' by Sacchini. 4. Reading at sight every kind of interval, major or minor. 5. Reading at sight upon all the clefs. 6. Two canons for three voices, by Silher. 7. A quartette from the 'Clemenza di Tito,' by Mozart. 8. The quartette in 'Iphigenia in Aulis,' by Gluck. 9. A trio from the 'Magic Rose,' by Berton. 10. Finding the tonic on all the clefs and keys. 11. Writing from ear. 12. Reading (at first sight) a trio from the 'Magic Flute,' by Mozart. 13. An

"Ave Maria" for three voices, by *Choron*. 14. "The Gondolier," a canon in three parts, by *Des Rues*. 15. A Quartette from the "Magic Flute," by *Mozart*. 16. A chorus from the opera "Tancredi," by *Rossini*. 17. The prayer in the opera of "Joseph," by *Mehul*.

"It would be difficult to express the astonishment of the audience. The surprising accuracy with which the men, *one and all*, sang at sight the most difficult intonations in the major and minor modes, the facility with which they read all the clefs and keys, the readiness and exactness with which they *all*, without any exception, wrote down tones vocalized to them, struck all present in the most forcible manner, and fully convinced them that the means employed by Mons. Chev  are infallible in their results, and that, as soon as they are used on a large scale for the benefit of the whole population, the foolish prejudice that some people *cannot sing* will be done away with forever."

Twenty-five thousand of the operatives in Paris have studied under this system, and its patrons include the Emperor and Aristocracy, the Polytechnic, the Normal and the Preparatory schools. We translate the following notice bearing upon this point, from "La Presse" of Dec. 30, 1860: "To-day at one o'clock, the *Galin-P ris-Chev * Society will give their second musical entertainment in the hall of the *Cirque-Napol on*. More than four thousand invitations have been given out by the committee, which is composed as follows: Count de Morny, President; Rossini and the Prince Poniatowski, Vice-Presidents; Felicien David, Lef bure-W ly, the celebrated composer and organist at *La Madeleine*, and a number of other equally distinguished musicians; with Ernest L pine as Secretary. Many personages of the highest rank will by their presence enhance the * clat* of this artistic f te." The names of this committee are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the system and of the esteem in which this Society is held in Paris. Nor is the knowledge of it confined entirely to France, but it is taught in the principal cities of England, Belgium, and many parts of Germany. It was lately introduced into Russia, under the auspices of the Emperor Alexander.

In America it is comparatively little known as yet, and we have but one representative of the system among us, but many advanced and intelligent minds have scrupulously examined into its merits and given in their adhesion; among these might be mentioned Mr. Henry C. Watson, Editor of "Frank Leslie," who thus speaks of it:

"NEW YORK, December 1, 1860.

"I have examined the famous system taught by Mons. Chev  in Paris, and consider it eminently practical. It has reduced the theory of music to a comprehensive system, which can be readily understood by pupils of ordinary intelligence. The many obscurities and incongruities of the old system, both in construction and nomenclature, are dispensed with and scientific arrangement has been made a means of simplifying a study which should be universal, but of which the groping of pedants hitherto, by surrounding it with unnecessary difficulties, circumscribed the knowledge to a very narrow circle.

"Every good citizen must wish this system to succeed, for by it thousands can be taught to enjoy the rational amusement of singing in concert at sight, and well; receiving at the same time a clear knowledge of what they are doing and how they do it—advantages which no other system of class teaching

affords. The more the practice of music prevails among the people, the more domestic, orderly, and happy the people will become.

"The certificates of the remarkable results of the teaching by this system, as tested in Paris, are signed by many of the most eminent composers and professors of music now living. A system which has met with the unqualified approval of such men as Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Vieuxtemps, F. David, F. Hiller, Prudent, Elwart, &c., must have in it the elements of sterling and singular excellence, which should recommend its adoption by the community at large—a consummation which, for the sake of the art and of social improvement, I most earnestly and sincerely desire."

Mr. Henri L. Stuart, of New York, speaking of the effects which would follow its introduction into the schools and among the people of this country, says: "The young would become intelligent critics upon the pretensions of their teachers; the mature would be improved and enlightened; professional empiricism would give place to rational and scientific instruction; and charlatans in music, under this system, would be as readily exposed as in any other branch of knowledge common among the people, such as reading or spelling."

Its results, if once fairly introduced here, would be so much greater than in the countries above-mentioned—owing to the superior intelligence of our people, their progressive tendencies and the wonderful eagerness with which they seize upon every improvement in educational methods—that we sincerely hope the day is not far distant when our countrymen will turn their attention in this direction, and think less of the "Almighty Dollar," and more of those things which are less perishable.

AMATEUR.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music

Sketches of French Musical History.

XVI.

THE OPERA COMIQUE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

We shall close the series of contemporary composers who have obtained letters of naturalization upon our second lyrique stage by favor of the public with notices of Clapisson, Thomas, Grisar and Mass . Should this series of papers attain to the honor of another edition, we engage to give in it additional notices of new and successful candidates for the good will of the public.

The family of M. Louis Clapisson was originally from Lyons, and not from Bordeaux as is generally supposed. His grandfather was a musical instrument maker at that city, and his father after making the Egyptian campaign, married a Swiss woman and settled at Naples under King Joachim Murat. He had been a pupil of the celebrated hornist, Punto, and was appointed first hornist at the theatre of San Carlo; in 1775 he took the same position in the theatre at Bordeaux. The son of a virtuoso and skilful composer, the boy Louis, who was born at Naples Sept. 16, 1809, developed very rapidly his fine and happy musical organization. Continually at the theatre, he soon became familiar with the masterpieces of our repertory and had already attained a high degree of skill upon the violin and pianoforte, when his vocation drew him to Paris, whither he came in 1829, in spite of his father, and with but fifty francs in his pocket to defray all his expenses during a winter of extreme rigor. Strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens the young Provincial became hungry and entered mechanically the restaurant of the Bains Chinois. There a sumptuous breakfast was set before him; green peas (in winter), fine wines, the best of everything—nothing was

wanting. But the bill; away went more than half the small capital of the poor musician, who had not dreamed of such a termination to his breakfast. Some days later, after he had payed his last half franc in a caf , the future member of the Institute knew no longer what course to take, when by chance—or rather providentially he cast his eye upon the small street advertising placards. One of them noted a place for a violinist in the orchestra of the theatre Com ; he applied for it and was lucky enough to be accepted; he then confided his sad position to the skilful and kindly director, who hastened to give him an advance payment of his small salary to relieve his immediate necessities. He afterwards studied in the elder Habeneck's class at the conservatory, joined successively the orchestras of the Vari t s Gymnase, and the Italian opera, and finally entered that of the Grand Opera, as a second violin, like the distinguished Berton. He studied composition with Reicha and wrote a string quartette which was executed by the brothers Tilmant, was praised by Onslow and published by Frey. Some time afterwards Clapisson composed his vocal quartets and choruses to *Vieux Paris*, which were successfully executed at the conservatory. In 1837, Madame Lemoine published the first "Album de Louis Clapisson" in which was the famous *Postillon de mam' Albou*. A great number of Melodies, chansonsettes, romances, &c., made the name of the young author popular, whose productions are always characterized by the elegance of the vocal part and tunes of harmony as correct as they are original.

Aug. 24, 1838 the young master produced his first work at the Opera Comique, *La Figurante ou l'Amour et la Danse*, revealed to the public the graceful talents of the composer. With this work Clapisson paid his compliments to the city of Bordeaux, his adopted home; it was a just tribute of remembrance and gratitude. The next year, he composed for Mari  *La Symphonie*, text by Saint Georges. In this work a novel and permanent effect in his harmonies, produced by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra is worthy of remark. *La Perruche*, a piece by Dumanoir and Dupin, gave the actor Chollet and the composer Clapisson, opportunity for a new and well-earned success. After *Le Pendu* and *Fr re et Mari*, appeared the *Code Noir*, a work in 3 acts, greatly appreciated by artists. *Les Bergers Truineau* preceded *Gibby la Cornemuse*, in which Roger, Bussine and Mlle. Delille were applauded to the echo. *Jeanne la Folle* and *les Myst res d'Udolphe* had not all the success desired. But *La Promise*, which at the Theatre Lyrique, preceded *la Fanchonnette* and *Margot*, established definitively the reputation of the author, who was now judged worthy of a chair at the Academy. The instrumentation of *la Promise* is every way remarkable. Clapisson has gained his own position by steady and laborious efforts; he will encourage none in the composer's career but those, who are really worthy.

Amboise Thomas, the son of an artist, was born at Metz in Lorraine Aug. 5, 1811, and began at a very early age the study of the violin and pianoforte, delighting parents and friends by playing to them little airs of his own composition. In 1828 he came to Paris to pursue his studies in the conservatory. Endowed with an extraordinary musical memory, thoroughly acquainted with the old works in the repertory of the theatre, the young Thomas made rapid progress, studying the pianoforte under Kalkbrenner and Zimmermann and composition under Dourlen, Barbereau and Lesueur. He gained the first prize for the pianoforte in 1829, the Roman prize in 1832. During the tour which the latter prize enabled him to make he learned to appreciate the Italian school thoroughly in its melodic and vocal excellence. While fully recognizing its vicious abuses mere formulas and its frequent commonplaces, it cannot be denied that the true traditions of the art of

singing come from Italy; that it is the land where one meets most frequently beautifully full and sonorous voices thanks to the influence of that warm and generous climate. At Vienna Thomas found a lively class of German composers, who willingly admitted the Italian style into their works to a certain extent, leaving to their compatriots in the North the cold expression of an obscure germanism.

After three years of travel, Thomas returned to Paris, the place above all others, of the purest dramatic taste (?). In 1837 he brought out *la Double Echelle*, his first work for the Opera Comique, and one generally appreciated. At that time he published a quartette, a quintette, trios and other chamber music, with or without the pianoforte; these various works prove both his talent as a pianist and the thoroughness of his studies in composition. Abandoning instrumental music for the theatre, he gave in order *le Perruquier de la Regence*, in 3 acts by Chailot, *Le Panier Fleuri*, a piece reproduced at the Theatre Lyrique, and *Mina*, in which Mlle. Darcier and Roger contested for victory as actors and singers.

Thomas's modesty and indisposition to intrigue withdrew him now for a time from the stage. But in 1849 his position was fixed at the Opera Comique by the success of the *Caid*, a delicious farcical piece in two acts, and of the *Songe*, a fine score in which color and style are perfectly sustained. *Raymond*, a melodrama, still continually upon the stage in Germany, and *La Tonelli*, in which Madame Ugalde was captivating for her fire and effective performance, were followed by *La Cour de Célimene*, a comedy rather cold, written by Madame Miolan. *Psyche*, a work exceedingly touching and finely played by Mlle. Lefebvre preceded the *Carnaval de Venice* destined for Mad. Cabel. The eminent merits of Thomas's works led to his appointment as assistant to Halevy in the Conservatory, and finally to fill the place of Adam, as professor. He has already succeeded Batton, as general inspector of the branch school of the Conservatory.

Many ballets, among which the *Gipsy* had a real triumph, a solemn *Mass de Saint Cécile*, &c., prove the flexibility of the talents of M. Thomas. Having been elected in 1851, successor to Spontini in the Institute he now owes us a pendant to *la Vestale*; the amplitude of his style, the richness of his orchestration, his great knowledge of vocal resources, whether solo or in chorus, are important qualities, which he possesses in a high degree, and lead us to foretell his advent upon the broad stage of the Grand Opera. Should he find a subject suited to his noble powers, the list of grand French works will be enriched by another masterpiece. As this goes to press we are happy to confirm the success of the *Roman d'Elvire* a new comic opera by him.

Albert Grisar, born at Antwerp, Dec. 26, 1808, was destined to a commercial career in his infancy and sent to Liverpool to fit himself for that profession. But his tastes did not coincide with the designs of his parents. Music had been taught him as a part of his education—he desired to make it the business of his life. He therefore stealthily left Liverpool in July, 1830, for Paris and sought the counsels of Reicha. From that time bookkeeping gave place to harmony. Meantime revolution broke out in France and Belgium, and Grisar during the siege of Antwerp still continued his studies.

A simple romance, *la Folle*, laid the basis of his reputation; its melody, was so expressive and original in form as to become the fashion. *Le Mariage impossible*, a comic opera played at Brussels in the spring of 1833, gained the young composer a gift of 1,200 francs to aid him in completing his musical education. He returned to Paris and published a great number of delicious romances. In 1836 he made his first appearance as composer upon the stage of the Opera Comique, with a work in two

acts entitled *Sarah*, in which is a considerable degree of dramatic force. *L'An Mil*, in one act brought out in June, 1837, had perhaps the fault of being too grand a subject for so small a framework. Then came *Lady Melvil* and the *Travestissements*, pieces at first played at the theatre de la Renaissance, after which Grisar was long silent. He then went to Naples to gain inspiration in the native land of buffo music. Upon his return he brought with him *l'Eau merveilleuse*, a rich subject already treated by Auber and in *le Philtre* and *l'Elisir d'Amore*;* He then wrote *Gilles ravisseur*, a masterpiece which may well be placed beside the *Tableau parlant* and the *Rendezvous bourgeois*. His farcical, *Bonsoir Monsieur Pantalon*, has continued to draw out peals of laughter, now rare in the theatre; true, the text was marvellously to the composer's purpose. *Les Porcherons*, a work in 3 acts, was greatly applauded. Nothing is fresher than the chorus of gardeners, which opens the first act; nothing more vigorous than the bacchanal scene at the rising of the curtain for the third. *Le Carillonneur de Bruges* and *les Amours du Diable* were less fortunate; yet in the first of these, the beautiful chorus upon the national flag and in the second, a trio of the grandest dramatic effect must be mentioned. *Le chien du Jardinier*, a piece in the vein of the *l'Epreuve villageoise* of Grétry, marks the return of Grisar to his natural style.

We will close this rapid notice of our living composers with Victor Massé, the only one of the younger generation, who has as yet gained a position in the theatre. Born at Lorient, in Brittany, he began his musical studies as a fellow pupil of Rachel at Choron's school. After the suppression of that useful establishment, from which so many fine musicians have preceded, Massé entered at the Conservatory, the pianoforte class of Zimmermann. He studied harmony with Doulen and the higher branches of composition with Halévy, gaining the first prize of the Institute in 1844. He then journeyed to Italy and studied profoundly, whatever that classic land of art possessed of wealth in poetry, painting, sculpture and music. The beauty of the climate, the superior organization of its inhabitants, the wonders of nature and art impregnated the happy imagination of the young artist. He is possessed of great sensibility and understands profoundly all the resources of the orchestra; hence Victor Massé has an immense talent as a colorist. He is the Diaz* of music. Harmony, in his skillful hands becomes a pallet from which he draws his tints and shades. His orchestration managed understandingly and most skillfully for effect, adds to the magic of his warm and picturesque style. He is a conscientious artist, one who loves his work, and will not quit a phrase until he feels it impossible to improve it. He may deceive himself at times, for no one is infallible; but at least he never allows a work to leave his hands until he has exhausted all the resources of his brilliant powers. When he has succeeded in rendering an idea, he seeks to accompany it in a manner conforming to the scene to which it belongs, and exercises his wits to find all the forms in which it may be clad, so as finally to gain a full assurance, that it could not be better expressed. In this manner alone can assiduous labor cause a new idea to produce its best fruits.

Victor Massé's first work for the Opera Comique, was *la Chanteuse voilée* in one act, text from the facile pen of Scribe, and was brought out in November, 1850. It was a Spanish subject and so plastic as to be peculiarly fitted for his genius. Mlle. Lefebvre, who was then in all the splendor of her fresh youthful talent, lent the fortunate composer, the best efforts of her marvellous vocalization and her graceful natural acting. Audran was all that could be wished in the character of the painter Velasquez, and Bussine made a fine contrast with his powerful and

* Diaz one of the most famous living Parisian painters in respect to color.

sonorous voice. Massé's instrumentation, which was perhaps rather redundant, cleared itself in *Galatée*, a piece in two acts written by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier. The poem is from the Greek adapted to our epoch. Pygmalion gives life to his statue but dissatisfied with the faults of the woman, prays Venus to change her again to a statue. This termination, though not conforming to the fable, has furnished the musician with scenes, new and varied, upon which to employ his pencil. The choruses behind the scenes are of an exquisite character; the invocation to Venus sung by Mlle. Wertheimer, produces a powerful effect; the air of Paresse, so well given by Mockler, the drinking song, a little overdone, perhaps by Madame Ugalde; the part performed by Sainte-Foy, and as well, all combined to render the whole a complete masterpiece.

The success of the *Noëce de Jeannette*, revealed to the public Massé's talents in rural subjects. The romance of the needle, deliciously sung by Mlle. Miolan, offered a happy contrast to the part of Couderc, the actor, who is the very type of the rustic; the song of Margot given with full lungs, exhaled the true country odor. *La Fiancée du Diable*, a work in three acts, had little success; *Miss Fauvette* hardly more. *Les Saisons*, from its descriptive character, was better fitted for a ballet or an oratorio than for the stage. *La Reine Topaz* obtained a success at the Theatre Lyrique. Venetian color abundantly applied upon a picture of large dimensions, the prodigious vocal agility of Mad. Cavalho in his songs of *l'Abeille* and the Carneval of Venice, the beauty of the costumes and decorations, the perfect adaptation of Meillet, Froment and Balanque to their parts, all these were elements of powerful attraction to the public.

Les chaises à porteurs is a pretty picture in the style of Boucher. Victor Massé is sometimes a little too much of the realist—never to forget the ideal is the true source of perfection to the artists.

Joseph Staudigl.

Born April 14th, 1807 Died March 28th, 1861.

Wöllersdorf, in Lower Austria, was Staudigl's birthplace. His father, one of the imperial rangers, wished to bring him up as a gamekeeper, and, in after life, the celebrated singer certainly distinguished himself as a sportsman. His real vocation, however, soon manifested itself under the guidance and fostering care of the village schoolmaster at Wöllersdorf. In 1816, the boy went to Wiener Neustadt, where he was placed under the chorus-master, Herzog, and when his treble had changed into a powerful bass, received, as a novice, into the Benedictine "Stift" of Molk, the prelate at the head of which was an ardent lover of music. Staudigl next proceeded to Vienna, and, after enduring considerable hardships, obtained an engagement as chorister in the Kärnthnertheater. It was here that the manager, Herr Düport, became acquainted with him, and, on the occasion of one of the principal singers being suddenly taken ill, gave him the part of Pietro in *Masaniello*. Staudigl was successful, and his artistic career, properly so speaking, now commenced. Not all at once, but gradually, and by most incessant industry and indefatigable practice, he imparted to his voice that evenness, richness, flexibility and power of endurance, which everywhere excited admiration. He devoted, likewise, although not until in after years, the greatest attention to dramatic expression. He could never, it is true, manage to get rid entirely of the Austrian dialect, or divest himself of a certain negligence inherent to his personal appearance; but his performance during his best period—that is to say, from about his thirtieth to the end of his fortieth year—were efforts of the highest rank, being mostly insurpassable, in a purely musical sense, and distinguished, as a whole, for their agreeable evenness and imposing certainty.

It was not, however, till after his visit to London that his talent was generally appreciated to the full extent it deserved. The admiration entertained for him by his countrymen received an evident impulse from the applause and money he gained from the unmusical, but in many respects artistically inclined, and artist honoring capital of England. He remained at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, under Ballochino, till 1845; he was then secured for the new operatic enterprise in the Theatre an der Wien (under Franz Pokorny), where he undertook the duties of a sort of upper stage-manager, and sang with Jenny Lind, in the remarkable performances, never to be forgotten by the lovers of music, given by that lady.

The unsuccessful result of Pokorny's enterprise, and the straits of his former comrades at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, during the crisis of 1848, caused Staudigl to return to the scene of his earliest triumphs. He was appointed stage-manager-in-chief under Holbein. He was engaged with Cornet a year (1853—1854), and then dismissed, because his voice and, still more, his memory were seriously impaired, but he was dismissed in a manner which, although not unexampled in the Austrian imperial theatres, could not fail to wound the feelings of an artist who had been so generally admired, and whose merit had been proved, for a long series of years, by such admirable performances. If, in addition to this, we take into consideration the bitter effect produced by criticism, even though perfectly justified, when it tells a singer—as it is bound to tell him—when his best period has been passed, and the moment for honourable retirement has arrived; if, moreover, we take into consideration pecuniary losses (simultaneously with the loss of his engagement), a shattered constitution, and other causes of distress, occurring at the same time, we shall have no great reason for immoderate astonishment at the fact of Staudigl's mind becoming deranged in the summer of 1856.

Staudigl's last new part was that of Falstaff, in Thomas's *Song d'une Nuit d'Été*, in the season 1853—1854, while his last appearance took place on the 18th February, 1854, as Ruben in Auber's *Fils Prodigue*. His last new oratorio part was that of Zacharias, in J. Hager's oratorio *Johannes der Täufer*, on the first of March, 1855, and his last public appearance that on Palm Sunday, 1856, at the Burg-Theatre, as St. Paul, in Mendelssohn's oratorio of the same name.

Staudigl's voice was one of those which we may call beautiful (*schön*), without running any risk of being accused of abuse of that much-abused term. It flowed forth, with exactly the amount of force that might be desired, in every portion of its natural compass; hence its incomparable correctness, guided by the finest musical ear; hence the irreproachable gradation of tone; and hence the power, so often admired, of preserving clearness of enunciation under all circumstances, and, at the same time, despite the difference of the words, of invariably commanding a degree of agreeable roundness and fullness, frequently quite extraordinary, and always satisfactory; and hence everything constituting the first foundation of perfection in the art of singing. This correct intonation—which, also, is a greatly abused and misunderstood term, for let the reader reflect, for a single moment, how few singers can at once pitch their voice properly, without the help of an aspiration, and a hundred other objectionable means—this correct intonation, we repeat, enabled Staudigl to pass, on the one hand, without any sudden break, from great vigour to gentleness of tone, and, on the other, to develop to a certain degree, the flexibility of his voice—a flexibility usually known, in the widest acceptance of the term, as *bravura*. Rossini's runs and roulades were, perhaps, somewhat out of Staudigl's line, but the *bravura* of the German, as well as of the French style—of Handel, on the one hand, and of Boieldieu on the other—not forgetting the magnificent shake, which is so prominent a feature in both these schools, found in Staudigl a perfect master. We may, therefore, safely affirm that flexibility of

voice cultivated to such a pitch, without any sacrifice of quality, a flexibility in which most basso singers are totally deficient, was quite sufficient for the comprehensive round of parts it fell to Staudigl's lot to undertake.

To excellence of intonation, light and shade, strength, softness, and flexibility, were added a most happy, natural, and unconstrained connection of the registers, and a power acquired by incessant and systematic application, of drawing breath only at long intervals (*langer Athem*)—all tending to increase the natural value of so rare a voice. The pleasing impression produced by its peculiarly agreeable and harmonic sound, flowing, we might almost say, from the singer's very soul, cannot be recalled by words, or satisfactorily described; and, when we speak of its melting and metallic character, of its softness and richness, of its evenness and certainty, we are giving only an approximate idea of something which a person must himself have heard to appreciate properly.

If we reflect on the manner in which an artistic education is commenced, we are instantly struck by the absurd and defective plan usually pursued. Yet this fact is taken too little into consideration. People reproach artists with having learnt little or nothing, forgetting that nothing has been done even now, to afford them an opportunity for learning anything. For instance, can the incipient actor find a school for dramatic, rhetorical and mimetic instruction, by means of which he may hope to mature and develop his natural gifts? But the incipient singer is still worse off. Though the actor does not find a school, he finds particular models which he can follow, and certain theatres in full activity, where, under a simultaneous course of diligent, self-study, and the healthy influence of others he may work himself in, and rise to high artistic excellence. The instrumentalist, again, finds in his conservatories, however one-sided and limited their field of action may be, in addition to the requisite elementary instruction, a starting-point for further artistic development. In this case, also, we have to do only with *exclusively musical* qualities and acquirements. How different, and how much more difficult, is the position of the *operatic singer*! How much is expected from him! He must have enjoyed a musical education, just like the instrumentalist; but he must develop, to the highest possible pitch, the tone, strength, evenness, and flexibility of his voice, and, by continuous and careful application, keep up all these qualities at their proper height, a task infinitely more difficult to accomplish with the human voice than with an instrument;* he must acquire a natural, healthful, and noble style; he must obey the rules of musical intonation as strictly as the instrumentalist, at the same time preserving clearness of enunciation, and giving the words correctly, both in a declamatory and colloquial sense; in addition to his musical qualification, he must, the moment he goes on the stage, make himself master of those external aids—such as walking, standing, and regulating his features and demeanor—which alone are found quite sufficient to tax the powers of the actor; he must, finally, combine with musical conception and working out of his part, the dramatic treatment, which is all that the actor has to consider, and create out of all this a complete artistic whole. He must become a good actor, without ceasing to be a good musician. It is enough for us to enumerate such demands as these, to see at once the difficulty of satisfying them, if only approximately.

A knowledge of the great difficulties which the singer has to overcome, should teach us not to be immoderate in our demands upon him, and, keeping within the bounds of possibility, though invariably advocating ideal excellence, which the critic cannot entirely avoiding doing, not to lose sight of the peculiarities distinguishing each

* An instrument is ready to our hand, while well-defined and universally valid rules teach us how to use it. Now, although in cultivating the voice, we pre-suppose certain general rules, much of the practical treatment depends on the disposition of each individual, and the state he happens to be in. The voice itself is subjected to the varying influence of the body and mind; it is not a lifeless thing on which we must foster, tend, watch, etc.

separate branch of art. The singer ought to have in him something of the actor, a something which he should endeavor to develop; but he must not become an actor, if he would not entirely ruin the singer. Staudigl was more especially an accomplished singer, and, although the histrionic part of his performances was open to many objections, the general impression of those performances was an especially satisfactory one, and not only the musical, but also the musically-dramatic effect, was indisputably artistic. The peculiar nature of this state of things, by no means infrequent with operatic artists, is to be best explained by a specification of the various good qualities and defects which are mixed up in such individuals.

Louis Niedermeyer.

The tomb has again opened for one of our contemporary celebrities. Louis Niedermeyer departed this life at Paris, on the 14th inst. in his fifty-ninth year. Born on the 27th April, 1802, at Nyon, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, situate on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, Niedermeyer was descended, through his mother, from a Protestant family, which had been compelled to leave France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, a native of Würzburg, had settled and married in Switzerland. Being himself endowed with great musical talent, he was the first master his son ever had. Louis Niedermeyer, when fifteen years old, was sent by his parents to Vienna, where, for the space of two years, he received lessons on the piano from Moscheles, and in composition from Forster. After having published, in the above city, some of his first essays, consisting of pieces for the piano, he proceeded to Rome, where he continued the study of counterpoint, under the tuition of Fioravanti, master of the Pontifical Chapel. He next went to Naples, where Zingarelli undertook to complete his musical education. It was during his stay in Naples that the young artist composed his first opera, entitled *Il Reo per Amore*, and produced at the Teatro del Fondo. He was then eighteen years of age. In 1821 he had returned to Switzerland. To this epoch belongs one of the most charming inspirations of his youth, an inspiration subsequently destined to be crowned with complete success. We allude to the music of *Le Lac*, which he composed to M. de Lamartine's words, and in which the musician proved himself as much a dreamer and a colorist as the poet. In the following year he proceeded to Paris, where he first attracted attention by several sterling compositions for the piano, and afterwards, thanks to the friendship and patronage of Rossini, who had been acquainted with him in Naples, was enabled to get a two-act opera accepted at the Théâtre Italien. It was entitled *Casa nel Bosco*, the book being translated from the comic opera, *Une Nuit dans la Forêt*. This work was performed in the month of July 1828, but despite a certain melodic charm about it, with only trifling success.

Gentle, timid, and modest, Niedermeyer was little calculated for the incessant struggles to be expected by every dramatic composer at the outset of his career. He soon gave way to a feeling of disgust, and, notwithstanding the reputation he had already achieved by the publication of various pieces of vocal and instrumental music, left Paris in 1833, for Brussels, where he took a lively interest in the institution founded by M. Gaggin. Here he discharged, for eighteen months, the duties of professor of the piano. A situation of this kind did not afford many opportunities for a composer to distinguish himself; Niedermeyer resolved, consequently, to return to Paris, and once more to try his fortune at the theatre. At length the doors of the Académie Royale de Musique were flung open to him, and, on the 3rd March, 1837, he brought out at that establishment *Stradella*, an opera in five acts, words by M. M. Emile Deschamps and Emilien Pacini. This grand score, on which the composer had founded justifiable hopes, was at first coldly received. Subsequently—in 1843—*Stradella* was revived, reduced to three acts, and in its new form ran for a considerable number of nights. Several pieces from it obtained, and still continue to obtain, great success at concerts. In the month of December 1844, Niedermeyer, in conjunction with M. Théodore Anne, produced, at the same theatre, *Marie Stuart*, an opera in five acts, containing, among other remarkable pieces, a most charming romance, which has become a popular favorite. In the following year, government did justice to the talent and character of the artist, by creating him a knight of the Legion of Honor. In 1846, he was summoned by Rossini to Bologna, for the purpose of working under his direction, at the adaptation of the *Donna del Lago* for the French stage. This adaptation was performed, in

No. 4. CHORUS.

27

A tempo moderato. Met. 66 = ♩

nees.
te.

TENOR. Tutti.

All ye that cried un -
Sagt es die ihr er -

A tempo moderato.

SOPRANO. p

All ye that cried un -
Sagt es die ihr er -

ALTO.

All ye that cried un -
Sagt es die ihr er -

BASS. p

All ye that cried un -
Sagt es die ihr er -

to the Lord, in dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion, in dis - tress,
Iß - set seid, von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal, von dem Herrn,

cres.

to the Lord, in dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion, in dis - tress,
Iß - set seid, von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal, von dem Herrn,

cres.

to the Lord, in dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion, in dis - tress,
Iß - set seid, von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal, von dem Herrn,

cre - scen -

in die - tress... and deep af - flic - tion.
 von dem Herrn..... aus al - ler Trüb - sal.

in die - tress and deep af - flic - tion.
 von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal.

in die - tress and deep af - flic - tion.
 von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal.

do.

All ye that cried un - to the Lord.
 Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid.

All ye that cried un - to the Lord.
 Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid.

He
 Er

All ye that cried un - to the Lord,..... that cried un - to the Lord.
 Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid,..... die ihr er - lö - set seid.

cres.

He count - eth all your
 Er zäh - let uns - re

He count - eth all your sor - rows, all your
 Er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, uns - re

count - eth all your sor - rows, He count - eth all your
 zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er Thrä - nen uns - re

He count - eth all your
 Er zäh - let uns - re

cre scen do.

sor - rows, He count - eth, count - eth all your
 Thrä - nen, er zäh - let, zäh - let uns re

sor - rows, He count - eth all your sor
 Thrä - nen, er zäh - let uns re Thrä -

sor - rows, He count - eth all your
 Thrä - nen, er zäh - let uns re

sor - rows, all your sor - rows, He count - eth all your sor - rows, He
 Thrä - nen, uns - re Thrä - nen, er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er

- - rows, He count - eth all your sor - rows, He count - eth
 nen, er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er zäh - let

sor - rows, all your sor - rows, yea, all your sor - rows,
 Thrä - nen, uns - re Thrä - nen, zählt uns - re Thrä - nen.

- - rows, all your sor - rows, He count - eth, He count - eth
 nen, uns - re Thrä - nen, er zäh - let er zäh - let

count - eth all your sor - rows, He counteth all your sor - rows,
 zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen,

He counteth all your sorrows, He count -
 er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er zäh - let

All ye that eried un - to the Lord,
 Sagt es die Ihr er - lo - set sich

all your sor - rows, yea, all your sor - rows,
 uns re Thrä - nen, zählt uns re Thrä - nen.

cres.

All ye that cried un - to the Lord, in dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion,
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid von dem Herrn aus al - ler Trüb - sal,

eth, He count - eth all your sor - rows.
sie, er zäh - let uns - re, Thrä - nen.

He count - eth all your sor - rows, that cried un - to the Lord,
er zäh - let uns - re Thrä - nen die ihr er - lö - set seid,

All ye that cried un - to the Lord in dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion,
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid von dem Herrn, er - lö - set seid

cre - scen - do.

All ye that cried un - to the Lord in deep af - flic - tion,
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal,

All ye that cried, He count - eth all your sor - rows,
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal,

tion, all ye in deep dis - tress and deep af - flic - tion,
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal,

f p

All ye that cried un - to the Lord in deep af - flic - tion, He
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal, Er

All ye that cried un - to the Lord in deep af - flic - tion, He
Sagt es die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal, Er

that cried un - to the Lord in deep af - flic - tion, He
die ihr er - lö - set seid aus al - ler Trüb - sal, Er

the month of December in the same year, at the Grand Opera, under the title of *Robert Bruce*. Lastly, in the month of May 1853, Niedermeyer brought out his five-act opera, *La Fronde*, words by M. M. Maquet and Jules Lacroix. About the same time he conceived the idea of establishing, on the model of the old institution founded by Choron under the restoration, but suppressed after the revolution of 1830, a School of Religious Music, intended to form, by the study of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, singers, organists, *maîtres de chapelle*, and composers of sacred music. By the assistance of M. Fortoul, then Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, he obtained a subsidy from the State, and in the course of the year 1853, opened his school, M. Dietsch being appointed to assist him as "Directeur des Etudes." This establishment, situated in the Rue Neuve Fontaine-St.-Georges, Paris, and in which a literary education, as far as the subjects of the third form, is given to the pupils simultaneously with their musical instruction, was not long in prospering and sending out a number of distinguished proficient, who have been appointed to various cathedrals and churches in France.

Niedermeyer watched over the interests of his school with unvarying solicitude, and neglected nothing which could tend to improve the course of study there. Thus, by no means satisfied with the altogether arbitrary manner in which the plain-chant is generally accompanied, he devoted his most serious attention to this interesting part of religious art, and, in 1855, published, in conjunction with M. J. d'Ortigue, a *Traité d'Accompagnement de Plain-Chant*, founded upon new principles. It was, also, with a view to diffuse among all classes a taste for religious music, that, in 1856, he established a paper called the *La Maîtrise*, the editorship of which—now entrusted to M. d'Ortigue—he resigned in 1858. He was employed in terminating a grand work on the accompaniment, for the organ, of the plain-chant of the church service, when death suddenly surprised him. His funeral took place on the 17th instant, in the Cimetière du Nord. Two speeches were delivered, one by the Pastor Coquerel, and the other by M. Elwart, before his prematurely opened tomb, and in the midst of his pupils and numerous friends, who had hastened to pay him this last mark of respect.

Niedermeyer leaves a son, aged twenty, and two daughters, to whom he bequeaths no fortune, save an unblemished name. He obtained long since the recognition of his right to French nationality. We have already mentioned the works he produced on the stage. He wrote, also, a great many separate vocal pieces. Among the best known are: "Le Lac," "L'Isolément," "Le Soir," "L'Automne," "La Voix humaine," on poems of M. de Lamartine; "La Ronde du Sabbat," "Océano-Nox," "La Nuit," "Puisqu'ici bas toute Ame," to words by M. Victor Hugo; "La Noce de Léonore," "Une Scène dans les Apennins," and several other pieces, to words by M. Emile Deschamps. He also set to music Manzoni's ode: "Il cinque Maggio," Millevoys's "Poète Mourant," and Casimir Delavigne's "Ame du Purgatoire," besides composing several masses, one for grand orchestra, and a large number of religious pieces for the voice and for the organ, etc., etc.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 18, 1861.

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW SERIES.

NO. XIII.

MUSIC IN BERLIN—BACH.

With the musical wealth of a whole winter in Germany opening before me two expectations, two desires were uppermost. One was, to hear as much as possible of the operas of GLUCK; the other, as much as possible of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. For these are just those noblest legacies of musical genius, which an American cannot have at home, however intimate he may be with Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the rest. He must go to Germany for them, as he must go to Italy for Raphael and Titian, or to Vienna for St. Stephen's cathedral, to Venice for St. Mark's. The former wish was reasonably well gratified, although (in respect to quantity) not well enough.

Berlin was just the place for it; the only place where Gluck comes frequently, with all due honor and fair treatment, upon the stage. I was fortunate enough to hear there the *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* twice, and the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris* each once; and with one of the true lyric queens of our day, (although her voice is sadly damaged), Frau Jachmann (Johanna Wagner), in the parts of Orpheus and of Clytemnestra. Enough here to say, that all my anticipations were made good; that all that I had been told of the classical dignity, the truth to nature, the unflagging dramatic interest, the absence of all forced, false or sickly expression, and the inspired, pervading beauty of each work as a whole, in Gluck's operas was fully realized. The only regret was, the impossibility of repeated hearings, so that one might really get to know the noble strangers. More of this hereafter.

With regard to BACH, too, my opportunities have been abundant; and it is simple truth to say, that nothing else in this Art tour has, nothing else could have, so met the deepest want, or so enriched my musical experience. Each new leaf that I have turned of him has deepened my conviction that he was as great in genius as in learning; that his ideas are as wonderful, as inexhaustible as his skill in handling them; that there is feeling, soul, religion in his music, and not mere contrapuntal mathematics; that his fugue work is more beautiful, and more appealing to the inmost soul of us, than curious,—more like happy inspirations, tipped with true imaginative fire, than like calculated combinations; and that Nature, after all, the rich imaginative, poetic nature of the man, played the largest part in it. But above all, his music testifies to the profound religious nature of the man; it was the daily, hourly offering of a sincere, a rich, all-absorbing, manly, cheerful, childlike piety; an offering in which all his faculties gathered themselves up for a complete, ideal act, to realize the beauty of holiness. His music is the type and the expression of those experiences, those instincts in us, which relate us to the Infinite and make us conscious of a spiritual world and destiny. Hence it is, that we feel something mystical (in the best sense, not opposed to clear) in his music and his life; and that his Fugues awaken somewhat the same wondering and infinite sensation, the same insatiable appetite, with which we gaze and are charmed upward and upward by the soaring, fluid lines and details of an old Gothic cathedral tower and spire; endless variety ascending, losing itself in the sublime whole, which but repeats, or rather realizes, the type of form of each particular. These two types of form, the Gothic cathedral in architecture, seem in its great specimens, and the Bach fugue in music, have a wonderful affinity with what is deepest in us; one listens with insatiable appetite, like love. Their suggestion is a story without end, and never tedious.

It is the idlest kind of talk, this, which treats the partiality for Bach, and for such polyphonic, such fugue music as he wrote, as mere pedantry. It is ignorance or impudence to say that such things are wholly done by rule, that they are the cold and uninspiring product of the mere mathematical, combining intellect. No art could live a century upon such capital. A posthumous enduring and increasing fame is a thing that has roots and grows. The interest which the best

musicians and the most musical persons now take in Bach, after his works had lain a good part of a century almost forgotten or rather not yet known, (like Shakspeare), is proof enough that there must be something in him; that his fugues, church cantatas, arias, &c., are made of more immortal stuff than any skill or learning. Musical Germany finds no task more rewarding, more inspiring, than the exploration of those countless scores in manuscript which he has left; and it is doubtful whether any music at the present moment is exerting a greater influence,—not directly on the great mass of music-lovers, but not the less surely through those who have penetrated the nearest to the sanctuary in the temple of this divine Art. The great "monster concert" master, Jullien, was once complimented on a certain something like a fugue, which he had introduced into his opera "Pietro il Grande," (which brought a hundred horses upon the stage). "Oh," said the great man, "that is nothing; any musician can compose a fugue. It is wholly mechanical; it is only to take a little theme, and treat it according to the rules, and all the rest follows precisely as it must; there is no room for invention in it." He had nothing to answer to the question: "How then comes it, inasmuch as everybody wrote fugues in Bach's and Handel's time, that their's have lived, and nearly all the rest have passed away? Does it not appear that while some fugues are sticks, others are living branches from a tree with roots? and that there may be all the difference between one man's fugue and that of another (on the same subject too), that there is between a song by Shakespeare, such as "Hark, hark, the lark," and one by one Miss Matilda in the poet's corner of a newspaper?"

But I did not intend an apology for Bach, or a defense of fugues. And this is no time to go into the discussion of deep questions. I am simply reporting what I have seen and heard, with some hint of the impressions it has made on me. Whether the Bachists be right or wrong (and so far as any are exclusives they are wrong), it is certainly a fact that no composer, old or new, so occupies the attention of the most earnest musicians and amateurs in Germany just now, as Bach. No works are sought out, edited, studied, practised, professed, listened to, talked over and written about with more eager curiosity and enthusiasm than his. It is that people feel that they have opened here a well of living waters; that they have found here something old, long buried out of sight under the rubbish of the past which really is fresher, newer, more original and more refreshing, than any thing produced in our own time. And what a monument to the man's memory, what a witness to the power with which his music speaks to the best musical and spiritual instincts and perceptions of the present age, is that magnificent edition of his works, from the press of those princely Leipzig publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, of which a volume is put forth yearly under the auspices of the Society for the publication of Bach's works! Ten noble volumes are already before us—the most beautiful specimens of music engraving and printing (these and a similar edition of Handel, since commenced), which exist in the world. And let us take a little pride in knowing that the series has some eight subscribers in our own Boston! None of us may live to witness the completion of the

series; for the unpublished manuscripts which Bach has left are as innumerable, as the scores are in almost every case important and elaborate. The publication enriches nobody but the subscribers and the world. That is to say, there is no money made by it. It is published purely as a monumental work by the Bach Society; the price covers the expense of the publication and no more; so that the subscribers are really themselves the publishers, and the Society is their committee, which manages the thing for them. It really adds to the value and attraction of the books, that they are free from all taint of trade.

A traveller through old cities has many treasures shown to him. But nothing which I have seen, in palaces and churches, in galleries and libraries, has seemed to me so rare a treasure as one which I saw in the Royal Library in Berlin. The musical department of that library contains 50,000 works. (Our "Diarist" has told us that before and has written us many a letter from the midst of his labors in its recesses, copying out the "conversation books" of Beethoven, in which people pencilled their questions and remarks to the deaf giant during so many years). There, near a window, so as to be readily removed in case of fire, stands a huge chest of drawers and shelves, full almost to bursting with autograph scores of Bach. Besides those of the published works, the great Mass in B minor, the Passion music, both according to the text of Matthew and of John, the Christmas Oratorio, the Organ Preludes and Fugues, the "well-tempered Clavichord," &c., here are found upwards of 270 different church Cantatas,—elaborate compositions, consisting of Symphonies, Chorals, Fugues, Arias, Duets, &c., of which Bach wrote a fresh one for each Sunday of the year, for many years, while he was cantor of the Thomas Church in Leipzig. Many of these are among the grandest and most wonderful creations of religious music; and not a tithe of them are yet published or known. Many more are hidden here and there, no one knows where, or are destroyed. The librarian has even picked a loose shred of a rumor, that some of them have found their way, a long while ago, to America. Surely so rich a collection must in time draw to itself whatever scattered manuscripts of Bach exist.

While speaking of this library, let me name some other treasures which it possesses. I saw there Beethoven's complete manuscript of the Ninth, or Choral, Symphony! a strange mass of hieroglyphics, filled with erasures, alterations, and mere hints and sketches; yet very fascinating, (and as if they would fain tell their meaning picture-wise) the tangled, sprawling curves and dashes looked. I saw, too, books full of first sketches, mere jottings down of principal ideas, for works which he designed to write; among them, a design for each of the several movements of a tenth Symphony. What a contrast between the look and character of these autographs, and that of an autograph opera by Mozart! In the latter no erasures, no corrections; all as neat and clean as if it had been copied for a photograph edition. And such was Mozart's creative method as he himself tells us in the letter to the Count. Every thing came to him whole and complete; all its parts lay clearly in his mind at once, in due relation and proportion; he had only to copy out thence upon paper. It was the pure way of inspired genius, the Raphael way. Many works

of Palestrina, and the old Italians, of Orlando Lasso, Handel, Haydn, all the lesser Bachs, of Cherubini, of nearly all the known, and many unknown, masters exist here in manuscript, or in the only known printed copy.

Of course Bach does not reign equally in all the German cities. His great works are chiefly to be heard in Leipzig and Berlin. In the former place the Bach movement, so to speak, of these times began; for there are centred the Bach traditions, and there Mendelssohn sounded the signal of the newly awakening interest in him. There his *Passions*-music and other great religious works are performed in the church, and from the choir, where Bach himself was cantor; and there it has been my good fortune to hear his *Weinachts-Cantata* (or Christmas Oratorio) and his *Johannis Passion*, produced by the indefatigable, single-minded, modest laborer in the pure cause of Art and Bach, Herr Riedel, with the singing society which he has raised up for the purpose. Berlin, as the great northern capital of Germany, and with great resources and ambition, must have everything, and upon a larger scale than anybody; and so her many excellent societies bring out more great works of Bach in the course of a season, than can be heard anywhere else. It was my luck to secure much and to lose much of this. Could I have staid there until Passion week and later, I should have heard both the *Matthaus* and the *Johannis Passion*, and also the great Mass in B minor, called his greatest work. Or could I have contrived to be upon the Rhine that week, I might have heard the Matthew Passion upon three successive days in Darmstadt, in Aix-la-Chapelle and in Cologne—the latter under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, who is the right man to keep alive an interest in Bach in those regions. But what I did hear in Berlin makes a formidable list. For instance, five of the Cantatas, including two of the grandest works I have ever heard, even by the side of Handel's Oratorios, namely one upon the Choral: *Ein feste Burg*, and one commencing: *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*; performed by that admirable society, the "Bach-Verein," which has for its director one of the most sterling musicians and composers of the day, George Vierling. Also many Motets and Chorals, many organ Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Sonatas, &c., violin music, arias sung in mixed concerts, &c.

In Vienna, where I arrived just before Easter, Bach is little cultivated. Ever since Beethoven and Schubert's time, the Italian taste has reigned among the light-hearted Viennese. As a musical city, it is more like Paris. But there is already an awakening in a higher direction. There is a circle of young musicians in Vienna, among whom I may name Hellmesberger and his fine Quartet, Eppstein, the pianist, Ruffinaccia, &c., who serve the highest cause of classical Art in a right noble spirit. These men love Bach, as well as Beethoven. Joachim is an immense favorite there, and through his masterly violin performances, has even made Bach more than palatable to Viennese audiences. Vienna, too, has the honor of publishing altogether the best and most high-toned musical journal, which now appears in Germany. Its editor, Herr Selma Bagge, is an enlightened, earnest and unselfish champion of the True in Art; and whoever among German musical men has an earnest word to say upon any important topic is very apt to seek the Vienna

journal for his organ. There has appeared recently, in several numbers of it, a review of Robert Franz's admirable arrangements of Bach's arias, which shows the most profound and delicate appreciation of Bach's style and genius, and of his mission in the world, that I have ever seen. It is said to have been written by a young composer of much promise, living in Halle, a pupil and friend of Franz, by name Saran.

Let this pass for an introduction, and in another letter I will try to recall more particularly what I have heard of Bach. D.

A New Mass.

Mr. J. FALKENSTEIN, who has been the organist and musical director at the Endicott street Catholic church for a term of years invited some of his friends to a rehearsal of a Mass composed by him and executed by the choir and orchestra of the church with the aid of some of our resident musicians on the evening of May 4th. Mercantile Hall, where the rehearsal took place, was filled with an appreciative audience.

Composing a new piece of music may be set down as an undertaking much more delicate, at the present day, than writing a new book. Not only have the various emotions of the human soul been treated in tones in the most varied manner, but they have been so expressed by the immortal masters in ways beyond which hardly anything seems possible. From the *Matthaus*-passion of Bach, to the *Missa solennis* in D by Beethoven—mentioning these two works merely as outposts of a host of glorious, sublime compositions and not forgetting the *Requiem* by Mozart nor the *Masses* by Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini and others; from Handel's *Susannah*, *Judas Maccabeus* to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—so much grand, devout and truthful musical expression has emanated from the minds of these chosen men that it is, in this as in other departments of musical art, an almost hopeless endeavor to find a new form wherein to clothe a new musical idea.

The musical critic has a difficult task to perform with reference to new compositions in church style. Filled with the severe and yet so warm and deep beauties of Bach and Händel, having the grand and solemn mysteries of the *Requiem* by Mozart and the *Missa Solennis* by Beethoven indelibly graven in ones memory, it is difficult to disengage oneself from these impressions in order to find the standard, by which to measure a new applicant for musical fame. Having to consider the means with which a composer has to work, if writing for practical purposes, it was well for an impartial critic to have had occasion of hearing the composition, the name of which heads this article. And after observing that a part of his orchestra is not of the highest order, we are surprised at the happy tact and practical skill with which Mr. Falkenstein worked out the instrumentation of his modest composition. Indeed we think in some places Mr. F. attained orchestral effect with his limited means, which do him much credit and show that he is a practical musician of great ability. Proofs of this are furnished throughout the whole of the work. The orchestration, as far as the middle parts are concerned, suffered somewhat from the absence of violoncellos and bassoons, which could not be procured. This caused certain passages to sound thin, especially where, as is often done and we think not to advantage, the violins go *unisono* with the singers. We especially observed this in the "Incarnatus." The "Kyrie" is good, so are various parts of the "Gloria," in which imitations in the bass instruments produce quite a good effect. The first movement of the "Sanctus" struck us as especially good good, expressing happily a mysterious holy emotion. In the "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei," the soprano singer has some fine soli, and revealed a full sympathetic voice, which, with proper cultivation, we think, would be a valuable

addition to the ranks of our resident singers. A fine part occurs also in the "Dona nobis pacem." Some of the finest instrumental effects are in some pieces for the brass instruments in the "Gloria," "Credo," and the "Hosannah" of the "Sanctus." Especially good was the chorus of the "Agnus Dei," with its accompaniment of brass instruments. And so was the "Amen" at the close of the mass.

The style of the composition reminds one of Mozart. Although there are no positively new ideas in the work, and the harmonies, though very good in many places, have been used before, yet there is so much skill in the Mass, many graceful flowing melodies in the various brief movements and so much practical ability in the very short and modest work, that we sincerely think Mr. Falkenstein ought to essay some greater work or at least a more elaborate orchestral composition. We might add that portions of the mass seemed to have more of a lyrical, operatic character than is desirable for a mass. But then we remember what good old father Haydn said, when similar objections were raised against some passages in his masses, "Why should I not pray to my God with merriment and rejoicing?" said the good old man. Every one ought to do all things in his own way is surely a good and just maxim.

If we may take the liberty, we should suggest to Mr. Falkenstein a study of the works of Bach. There are some passages in his mass that show that he likes to write in a severer style. The old maestro is the best food for aspiring talents and we think Mr. F. would find it to his great advantage to make himself familiar with the motettes and airs of Bach as well as his masses and oratorios. *†

THE LAST AFTERNOON CONCERT of the season was given by the Orchestral Union on Wednesday, May 15th, before a crowded house. There did not seem to be a seat vacant. The programme was unusually rich.

1. Overture—"Die Hebriden".....Mendelssohn
2. Concert Waltz—"Gedanken Flug".....Strauss
3. Symphony No. 9—(op 88).....Mozart
4. Overture—"Oberon".....Weber
5. Romanza in G—(For the Violin).....Beethoven

Performed by Carl Meisel.

6. Armen Ball Polka.....Strauss
7. Soldiers' Chorus, Prayer and Barcarole.....Meyerbeer

The four classical pieces were very well rendered. We were glad to find a delicate shading of pianissimo to fortissimo in all of them. Mr. MEISEL played the Romanza by Beethoven with much purity and taste and received a deserved applause. All the other pieces, especially the very effective extract from the "Star of the North," were performed very well, and the concert formed a brilliant close to a successful series.

We see with pleasure that the "Orchestral Union and the Germania Band propose to give a series of Saturday evening concerts. Particulars see in another column. *†

Mr. Bendelari's Concert.

MR. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, with his musical club, made up from his pupils, gave a concert at Mercantile Hall, on Saturday evening last, for the benefit of the families of the Boston Volunteers. We need not say that such a body of singers, drawn from the most cultivated society of the city, did not fail to draw a crowded house, or to give a most substantial benefit. The programme gave us the names of some fifty ladies and twenty gentlemen who make up Signor Bendelari's club, and we should be well pleased to be able to give some fuller account of this very delightful concert. The voices were all very fresh and beautiful, and several of the singers showed the highest style of amateur accomplishment and cultivation, most creditable to their instructor. The concert closed with a spirited air and chorus, composed by Signor Bendelari, who, like most of our adopted citizens, is full of patriotic ardor, which found spirited expression in this song, *Rule Columbia*, which was admirably sung by Mrs. HARWOOD and full chorus. This was the programme:

1. Chorus, I Lombardi, Gerusalem.....Verdi.
2. Solo, Linda, O Lucia.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Maria Padilla....."
4. Solo, Giuramento, Manegili.....Mercadante.
5. Solo, Tancredi.....Rossini.
6. Duet, Bianco e Faliero....."
7. Solo, Separazione....."
8. Pezzo Concertato, Macbeth.....Verdi.

PART II.

1. Ave Maria.....Florimo.
2. Solo, Lucia, Regnava.....Donizetti.
3. Duet, Giuramento.....Mercadante.
4. Solo, Jeanne d'Arc.....Bordesi.
5. Quartette, Carnevale di Venezia.....Petrella.
6. Solo, Cenerentola, Non più mesta.....Rossini.
7. Rule Columbia.....B. Augusto.

Mrs. Harwood, and Chorus. [A. Bendelari]

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON.—Our troops in the Federal City, beside giving proofs of their expertness as mechanics of every sort, show that there are not a few among them possessed of no little skill in the divine art of Music. We read that on the Sunday after the arrival of a Massachusetts regiment, divine service was performed by its chaplain, one of the privates officiating as organist, while others made up an efficient choir.

We have received (with a complimentary ticket) the following programme of a concert to be given, May 9th, by the LIGHT GUARD, Company A, 71st Regiment, New York) at the Navy Yard Barracks at Washington—a Matinée d'Invitation. We regret that circumstances forbid our acceptance of the invitation, and hope that some friend may send us a Washington letter. With HARRISON MILLARD (a private in the regiment) for conductor, and Dodworth's famous band for orchestra, our readers will readily believe that the concert was well worth attending. Here is the Programme:

1. Quickstep, "Thou art far away".....Millard.
2. Song, "Yes! let me like a soldier fall".....Wallace.
3. Quartet, "Come where my love lies dreaming".....Foster.
4. Song, "The Monks of old".....Glover.
5. Finale of "La Traviata".....Verdi.
6. New National Ode, "The flag of the free".....Millard.
7. Trio, "Love's young dream".....Moore.
8. Fantasia on "Il Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi.
9. Miserere from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.
10. Duetto, "I would that my love".....Mendelssohn.
11. Patriotic Song, "Viva l'America".....Millard.
12. Full Chorus, "Star Spangled Banner".....Rey.

Director, Mr. Harrison Millard.
Band Leader, Mr. Harvey Dodworth.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1861.—"Tom" was born in Georgia, owned by a man named Jones. He was an idiot from birth. His father and mother were offered for sale. Price \$1,500 without Tom; \$1,200 with him. A Dr. Bethune purchased him. His daughters had a piano and used to play a little; the kind of music girls play, not much of anything. Tom used to spend his time rolling in the mud, but as soon as the piano struck up come in the house he would; there was no keeping him out. One night the piano was heard after the family had retired. They went in the parlor, and there was Tom playing every tune he had ever heard; the first time trying. Tom is blind; has not common sense, cannot converse on any subject, although he will go to church and coming home, repeat every word of the sermon. Sightless from birth and untutored, his soul runs over with the spirit of music. He produces the sweetest melody that we can conceive of, with the utmost accuracy. His brain is a repository of the richest musical gems, which scintillate and flash beneath his ebony fingers, assuring us that this unenlightened little child could only have been taught by the finger of God. Without a moment's instruction, the son of ordinary Southern field hands, he sustains himself a linguist, composer, and musician. He claims to be the only person who can play three airs at once, but I have heard Theodore M. Brown do that often, and Gottschalk play four, in Buffalo. Tom repeats any piece no matter how long or difficult on hearing it once. He repeats the music correctly and the words, verbatim, of any song in any language. He does not understand a single rudimentary principle of music yet composes gems of rare artistic ability. He sits down to the piano, plays any duet with any one, never having heard it before, and then changes stools and plays the other part, thus composing and remembering. He plays also with his back to the piano, standing up, completely reversing his fingers. He does not know a flat from a sharp, nor the name of the key. He plays the most difficult operatic music without missing a note, or striking a false one. He was caressed and petted as all negro children are on a plantation, especially those affected with the terrible infirmity loss of sight. But when the veil of darkness was drawn over the sight of this poor negro boy, a flood of light was poured in upon his brain, and his mind became an opera of beauty written by the hand of God in syllables of music.

I have sat in some considerable impatience sometimes; I did the evening I heard Jenny Lind, the

first ever I heard Lagrange—but I confess I was more impatient to see Tom. The door opened and a gentleman led forward a grinning, idiotic, Congo boy, whom with some trouble he controlled. Tom is a full-blooded negro, and appears more like an ape than a man. He is eleven years old. He bowed as if his head was coming off, and while the gentleman was talking, kept playing and grinning, rolling his eyes, &c. During the evening he would drum on the piano, at intervals, clap and laugh when the audience did, and had to be closely watched all the time. He was led to the piano and took his seat. He threw his head back, and commenced with all the ease, yet *vin* of a master. He did all they claimed for him. Beautiful, and difficult selections from the various operas, and, in short, all the modern piano music. I am astounded, I cannot account for it, no one can, no one understands it. Sunday afternoon I visited him, and for the first time we discovered a new property. I placed him at the other end of the room, and as I struck the piano at random, he immediately told every note I struck, whether black or white. He does not know their names. I struck very quickly, giving him no time to think, and kept him saying black and white as fast as he could speak; he never missed once. Monday evening they did the same at the Concert. His hand is very peculiarly shaped. From the ball of his thumb up to the first finger is an inch longer than common. The organs of time and tone are entirely wanting. He can be taught nothing. He has no intelligence. He is in all respects, save in music, a blind, idiotic negro, can not carry on any conversation. We well know the difficulty of giving concerts on the piano alone, and I never knew but one man who could do it, Wm. Mason. Tom gave fifteen in Louisville, but the troubles here broke up all concerts. To show his wonderful imitative powers he delivered a long speech of Senator Douglass' which he heard him deliver in Virginia. It was perfect, and yet Tom did not even know the meaning of a word. In playing at a concert, he does not know his pieces by name, for he does not know the names. The agent says, "Now, Tom, play the piece you played such a time," &c. Tom runs the chromatic scale with his thumb and first fingers only. In fact, his whole fingering is unlike everything else before known. He plays his pieces in any key. No matter what the piece, he will play it in a dozen different keys, full chords and all, right off, changing as fast as you wish.

His playing arises partly from his strong imitative powers, even himself not understanding why. If the audience clap so does Tom. If they should hiss he would hiss too. In the midst of his concerts he will say, "Oh, I feel like playing such a piece," and plays it. All he plays he has learned in a year.

Now, in conclusion, you may ask me one question, "Do you wish us to understand that Tom plays as well, all things considered, as Wm. Mason, Gottschalk, &c. Fairly, then, I do not. But Tom has never heard them yet. He can only play what he hears, and as he hears it. He has only heard the best players of the Southern States. He has not failed yet. Whether he will meet one who can play a piece he cannot, is a problem. He cannot come North, as he is a slave. (Bring him on! He will be safe, even in Boston; our word for it.—Ed.) He goes direct to Europe, and we shall see what we shall see.

It is the most wonderful sight I ever witnessed, to see that blind, idiotic, repulsive negro, who looks and acts much more like an ape than anything else, at the piano, discoursing such music. What is passing in that mind, walled in as it were by a wall of adamant? He cannot tell. No one can. BROWN.

PARIS, APRIL 26, 1861.—At the *Théâtre Lyrique* the new opera *La Statue* is a decided success. The music is by M. Reyer, words by Jules Barbier and Carré. The plot is taken from the Arabian Nights. Hector Berlioz thus speaks of the music of Reyer: "The partition of M. Reyer reveals from the first a musician loving style, character, and true expression. The form of some of his pieces is not always strongly marked, but in all there may be found the qualities that are the chief charm of Weber's works, a depth of sentiment, a natural originality in melody, a *harmonie colorée*, and an energetic instrumentation free from all brutality and violence."

Alternating with *La Statue*, Gluck's *Orpheus* is being given at the Lyrique, which is justly called the Odeon of the opera. Mad. Viardot ensures the success of this classic music.

At the *Italiens* Donizetti's *Polio* has been much applauded. Pacani, Penco, and Graziani personated the chief characters. On the Emperor's birth-day, both he and the Empress were present for the representation of *Un Ballo in maschera*.

At the Grand Opera, the Huguenots continues to

draw more strangers than Parisians. Mlle. de Taisy has continued her *debuts* in Lucie de Lammermoor.

Royal-Cravate is played at the Opera Comique. It is by two young noblemen, the sum of whose years would not amount to fifty, MM. de Mesgrigny and de Massa.

By special favor the *Salle du Conservatoire* has been accorded by the Minister of State to Leon Kreutzer, who is to give a grand concert on the 4th of May. Among the concerts of the fortnight may be mentioned those of Mme. Anna Barthe, of MM. Marchesi, Jacquard, and Lefort. A beautiful concert may also be mentioned, given by the blind of the *Institution Impériale des jeunes aveugles*. They were accorded by several artists of the *Conservatoire*. A Christmas Carol, by Gounod, was sung by the blind pupils, also a beautiful composition executed by them entitled *Les Saisons*, the work of M. Paul, their professor.

The chief theatres have produced nothing new. At the Odeon, Mad. Ristori still continues as Beatrix in the *Madonna of Art*. A parody of this piece is announced at the *Palais Royal*, under the title, *La Matrone de l'Art*. M. Lagouvé then alone occupies the two principal theatres of Paris. At the Français his *Un jeune homme qui ne fait rien* and at the Odeon his Beatrix do not seem to be on the point of being soon replaced.

La Tour de Nesle has been in preparation for some time and is announced to-night. After some difficulty the role of Buridan has been given to Mélingue, who formerly identified himself with this character. After the *Tour de Nesle*, the *Porte Saint Martin* is to give a great drama entitled "Nero," by MM. Latour de Saint-Ybars and Edouard Plouvier. *Taillade* will play the chief role.

The Theatre des Variétés has given two pieces, *Menuet de Danse*, by Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy — a half sentimental drama — and *Hercule et une jolie femme*, a gay vaudeville, by Varin and Michel Delaporte.

The Hippodrome resumes its representations next Tuesday. A military drama is to be given, entitled, *Souvenirs d'Afrique* or *Les Cretes de Beni-Fraoussen*. M. Arnault was the first to introduce these pantomimes with such display of scenery in the open air. This year he proposes to offer the spectacle of a combat on rugged mountain sides. Arabs, Zouaves, *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are to take part in the action. It will be the first time that such equestrian manoeuvres will be seen at the height of several stories. But this is not all the Hippodrome promises. There are among other novelties to be a parody of a bull-fight and a Ballet of frogs.

It is needless to say that "The Prisoner of the Bastille" is drawing crowds and will probably continue to do so for the next month or two. F. B.

Concert Spirituel.

This was the name given to a class of concerts established at Paris, in 1725, by Anne Danican-Philidor, a brother of the celebrated chess-player. The first performances were all in Latin, but afterwards this restriction was abandoned. The managers of these concerts obtained a license from the Royal Academy of Music, and all artists were obliged to appear at these entertainments. They took place during Easter, when the theatres were closed, and among the performers who appeared during their continuance might be seen all the actors, more or less celebrated, who were attached to the Royal Academy through a number of years. Some of the exercises must have been strange in appearance. It was the custom for debutants to appear first on the stage in short prologues, and not to undertake, at once, the impersonation of a long character. When the Concert Spirituel was inaugurated, these debutants were made to appear in character, and perform certain Latin compositions. Imagine an assemblage of musicians and choristers assembled for the performance of music. Upon the stage successively appear the candidates for theatrical honors. They are not clad in the costumes of the surrounding crowd,

but in the garb of some fanciful character which they are ultimately to assume on the stage. A shepherd bedecked with ribbons, arrayed in satin, crook in hand, a shepherdess with abbreviated skirts, and a liberal display of charms unconcealed by an indiscreet bodice, nymphs and bacchantes in drapery yet more *dejaqué*, warriors, kings, magicians, successively appear to sing psalms, litanies and other Latin religious compositions. A strange incongruity of effects, surely; as bad as the anachronisms of some old painters who dressed Adam and Eve in pourpoint and petticoat, and the angel Gabriel in cuirass and phillibeg. At a later period the Latin psalms were given up, and the debutants were allowed to sing the music of the parts they were to assume in their own vernacular tongue. To be sure our modern concerts, where occasional pieces are "sung in costume," bear some resemblance to these old entertainments; but we should think it strange now-a-days to see little Miss Francis standing in pink tights on our Music Hall stage, trolloing out a Credo, or Signor Ferri, in his feather costume of Papageno, thundering forth a *De Profundis*. To arrive at a full understanding of the effects of past customs and manners, we must put our own people in the same conditions upon our own platforms and judge accordingly.

Besides these vocal performances were instrumental compositions emanating from the first composers of the day; and the Parisian public was made acquainted for the first time with the power and effects of individual instruments in the hands of skillful soloists, as well as the orchestral effects of the early symphonies.—*Boston Musical Times*.

What Mozart was paid.

The German papers inform us that Castelli, the Austrian literary Nestor, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has just published the first volume of his *Memoirs*. From these, among other interesting matters, we learn that his dramatic poem of *The Swiss Family*,* which has been translated into every language, and played hundreds of times at Vienna, brought him in altogether, for his rights as author, the sum of eight florins!

This fact will nevertheless cause little surprise; theatrical annals furnish us with only too many instances of the kind; and those who are curious about the fortunes of composers in former days, may satisfy themselves to their heart's content by examining the contents of Herr Jahn's last great work. Thanks to the zealous, diligent, thoroughly impartial, and extraordinarily voluminous biography of Mozart, we know how much the compositions of the illustrious German musician realized for him in the shape of pecuniary emolument—at least in the most important instances.

In the Registers of Accounts of the Vienna Theatre (an interesting and valuable collection), we read, for 1788-1789, page 45:

"Paid to Ponte (Lorenzo), for writing the book of *Don Giovanni*, 100 florins."

And a little further on, (page 47):

"Paid to Mozart (Wolfgang), for composing the music of *Don Giovanni*, 225 florins."

For the score of the *Magic Flute* (such is the genuine title of this masterpiece, not the *Enchanted Flute*,† as many have been accustomed to call it, owing to a careless translation of the title on the score printed in Germany), for the score of the *Magic Flute*, 160 ducats were paid by Schikaneder, manager of the Imperial Theatre, who reaped an immense profit by the bargain. No other work of Mozart's has enjoyed such continued popularity and success throughout Germany. The first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place on the 30th September, 1791.‡ In the month of October the opera was played twenty-four times; the bills of the 23d November, 1792, announced its hundredth, and those of the 22d October, 1795, its two hundredth performance.

Again, the same munificent honorarium was the guerdon of Mozart, respectively on account of *Die Entführung* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

And what about those operas of Rossini which were originally produced in Italy? One example may suffice. The incomparable *Barbiere di Siviglia* was disposed of for an "obolus," which not only purchased the right of republication but that of representation also! It must be admitted that the composers of the present day look more carefully after their interests.

* Set to music by Weigl.

† The flute is not enchanted, but enchanting. In plain language, it enchants others. The Italians were therefore right in calling the opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and not *Il Flauto Incantato*.

‡ Little more than two months later (Dec. 5, 1791, at Vienna) Mozart died, in the 36th year of his age.

—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So you're going to the wars, dear. G. Danskin. 25

The sentiment of this ballad fits so precisely the situation of thousands of families in the North, and the music to it is so well written, that it will surely make a hit.

Over the rippling sea. T. Cattrau. 25

Pretty words adapted to the beautiful Napolitaine air "Santa Lucia," omitting the florid and difficult Finale by Braga, with which this melody made its first debut. The air impresses itself at once so vividly upon the memory that it must, in course of time, become a universal favorite.

Give me thy blessing, mother. J. W. Cherry. 25

A gem for musical evenings at home. It is plain and lies naturally in the voice. The title-page is handsomely illustrated with the picture of a young sailor taking leave of his mother.

I'll twine a wreath of roses fair. F. Woodcot. 25

A simple and pleasing ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Rifle Corps Waltzes. D'Albert. 35

Rather easy and eminently pleasing. It is one of the most melodious sets of waltzes by this favorite author.

Quintet finale from "Martha." Transcription.

A. Baumbach. 35

One of the most striking and best recollected pieces in the Opera, which has furnished the composer the leading theme for the Overture, and which, in this piano arrangement comes out with all the splendor that anything short of the brass-chorus of an orchestra can give it.

Shells of Ocean for three Performers. T. Bissell. 30

Very good for class-practice, quite easy. It will teach children to keep time better than anything else.

Il suon dell' arpe. Duet from "Poliuto."

Transcribed. A. Baumbach. 35

A brilliant arrangement of this deservedly favorite duet, acknowledged as one of the finest and most inspired creations of Donizetti, and linked with some of our most pleasant recollections of Piccolomini.

Books.

JOHNSON'S HARMONY. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1,00

This work is designed for the class of persons designated in the language of music teachers as "new beginners." It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

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